

EARLY ENGLISH

1641-17

REEL 7

S2701

S2971

S2973

S3550

S3604

S3607

S3661

S3720

S3724

S3727

Selected
Wing, Donald. A Short-title C
in England, Scotland, Ireland,
and of English Books Printed i
New York: Columbia University

University Microfilm
Ann Arbor, Mich
1977

THE
New Athenian
COMEDY,

CONTAINING

The Politicks, OEconomicks, Tacticks,
Crypicks, Apocalypticks, Scepticks, Scep-
ticks, Pneumaticks, Theologicks, Poeticks,
Mathematicks, Sophisticks, Pragmaticks,
Dogmaticks, &c.

Of that most Learned Society.

By Elkanah Settle. &c.

— Ede, quid illis
Esse putat? quicquid hominum secum attulit ad nos.
Grammaticos, Rhetor, Gemmetros, Pistor, Aegyptios,
Augur, Scholasticos, Medicos, Magos, multa novis,
Atticus esuriens, ad cultum iusseris, ibit.

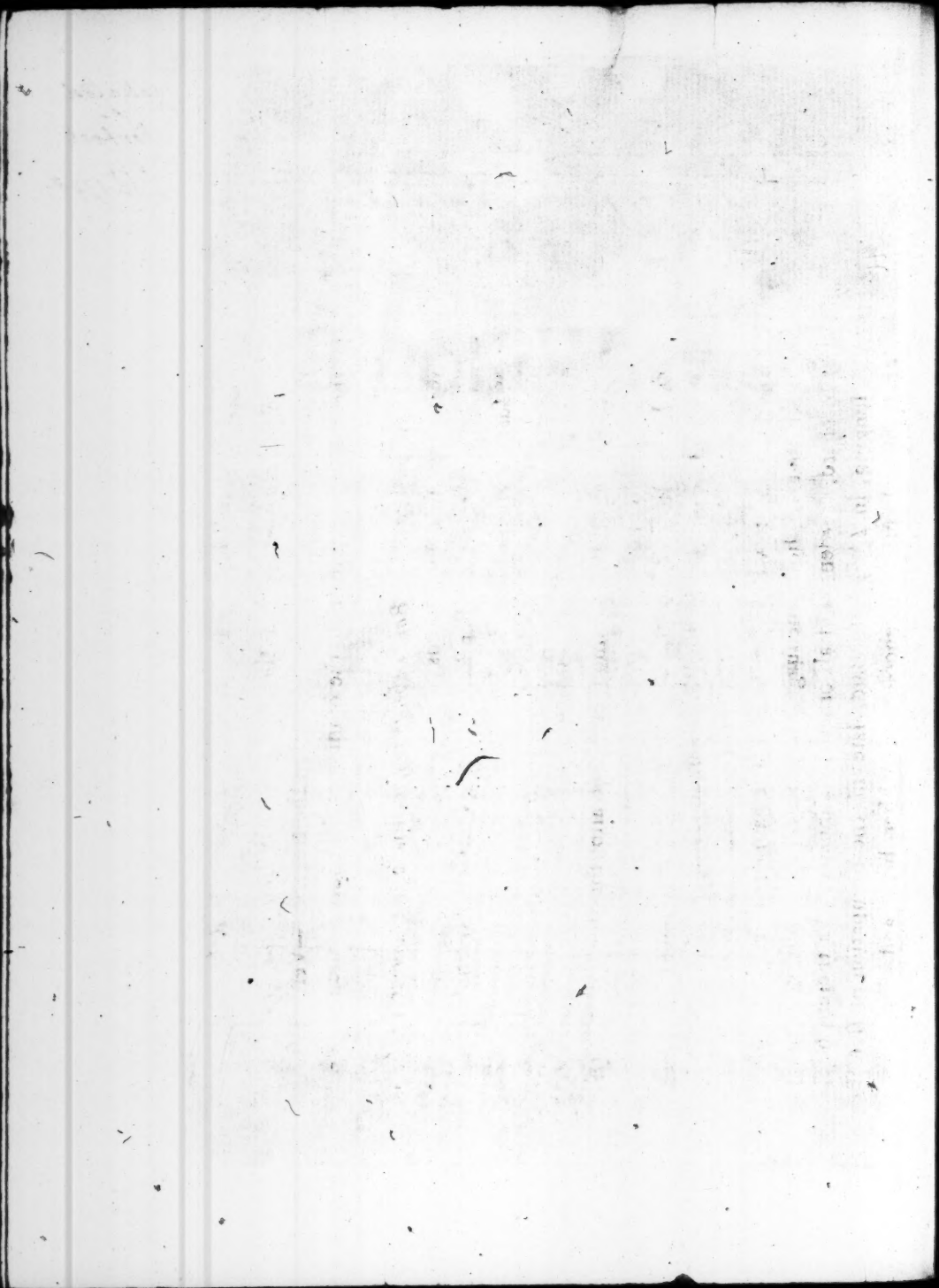
Inv. Sat. 1.

First Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Campanella Restie, next Door to the Apollo, near
the Temple, 1693. 6. July.

collated
&
perfect.
1. 1790.



words of Heaven; and his nobility Your own peculiar fair-
est Glory to deserve first, and then praise. For have we
not have that noblest Foundation of Honour, which
flower not always to ripen in a Garden; that is, our
and kind Male of Merits and Principles, that Your Affin-
ity of Worldly Blessings have not failed more kindly
to send You, than that has enrich you within; in which
that You have at least, the Advantage of the Great com-
pliments of the world.

Edw. Wilson Esq;

S. I. R.

THE Character and Figure You bear in the World,
has so markt You out for Sufferings of this Kind,
that I beseech you to take it as a Persecution You were born
to. 'Tis enough You attract all Eyes, and fix an Universal
Veneration; and have to say for the rest of the rest of the
generous Persecutors of Your own fair Chace of Honour, that
(who without a Title) may truly say thus of You, that You
carry the Renown and Grandeur of an *Anglo* Gentleman
to that uncommon Height, that *Nobility* itself should it sep-
arate out with You, would be thrown out of the Race and lag
behind You. Nor has Your Port and Bravery more dazzled,
than your Justice and Goodness indeard, and the Sweetness
of your Temper and Conversation charm'd; in so much, that
betwixt such various Objects of our equal Admiration, you
have even reconciled at once the Envy and the Love of Man-
kind. You are so much Master of a truly noble Genius, that
you have all the Glory of a Second *Timon*, without the Follies
and Vanities of the First. And indeed You challenge those
United Graces of Gallantry, that like Heaven's fairest Union,
Light and *Heat*, warm where they shine.

But Providence pours not such *Golden Showres* at ran-
dom; so vast the Difference betwixt the Gifts and the Re-
wards.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

wards of Heaven; and 'tis possibly Your own peculiar fairest Glory to *deserve* first, and then *possess*. For above all You have that noblest Foundation of Honour, *Virtue*; a Flower not always so ripe in so young a Garden; that *serious* and *solid* Mass of *Morals* and *Principle*, that Your Affluence of Worldly Blessings have not smiled more kindly round You, than that has enrich'd you within; insomuch that You have, at least, this Advantage of the *Great* complaining *Alexander*,

Edw
Edw

Willow
Edw

that on the contrary you give the World a sufficient View of the last, without any Allay or Cloud from the first.

But after Your Pardon first beg'd for this Boldness, I ought to tell the World, that I make not this Address under the Name of a Dedication: Some worthier Product, and fairer Volume may cover that Honour. No, Sir, this poor Trifle is only thrown into Your Hands *ex passim*, and the only encouragement for this Presumption is, that I consider that he that presents but a Rose bud may express as much Zeal, as he that offers a Garland, which is the best Apology for,

one with You, would be thrown out of the Race and lag behind You. Nor has Your Port and Bravery more eas'd, than your Justice and Goodness indur'd, and *Red's* sweeter of your Temper and Conversation charm'd; *Admiration* between such various Objects, and *Admiration* have even reconcil'd at once the envy and the Love of Mankind. You are the truly noble Genie that you have all the Glory of a second Time, without the Effluvia and Vanities of the first. And indeed You challenge these *Traces* of Gallantry, that like Heaven's fairest Sun, light and heat, warm where they shine.

But Providence pours not such Golden Showers as rain down; to fill the Difference between the Gifts and the *Wishes*

Edw
Edw

Willow
Edw

looks to magnanimity to build Alarms to the Unknown, that no-
 thing can be of more service to the public than to direct the
 mind to the right path of duty.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THE Honorable and Learned Athenians (Epi-
 thetes how justly their due, the following Heraldry
 will a little blazon) have so long and so highly ob-
 liged the World, that with a natural and so far
 pardonable Pride, that commonly attends the Glory of Well-do-
 ing, they seem resolved to continue there more than Saturnine
 Progress, in that unfinish'd Circle, as shall last to the Great Pla-
 tonic. And if praestare nihili quam nihil agere may make a
 Gem in their Coronet, the great Indefessus agendo, is truly the
 Athenian peculiar Prerogative.

But not to light a Candle at noon day, and play the Panegyrist
 on the Athenian Learning, already so known and so conspi-uous,
 'tis not the Apollinary Arts, but the Apolles themselves the
 Arts-masters we are to search for; the Phœbi in nubibus, that
 have thus long tun'd their Lyres for the Titillation of Mortals,
 so ravishing the Musick, and yet so invisible the hands that
 play it. Ay my Master's invisible indeed. But whatever
 Shamefacedness, or to shorten the word whatever Athenian
 Shame has denied Mankind the Favour of that Discovery, 'tis
 pity the world should be so vastly indebted, and know not where to
 pay their Acknowledgments. For really in this wiser Age it
 looks

The PREFACE.

looks so ungratefully to build Altars to the Unknown, that nothing possibly can be of more public service than to direct the hitherto wandering popular Devotion, no longer random'd; but to well'd at so fair a Mark.

'Tis true our generous Athenians have lately vouchsafed to give us some small Lineaments of theirs in Miniature, in a Sculp before their Young Students Library. But there alas, they are pleas'd to wrap their Faces in Mosaic Veils, very magisterially intimating that they are Persons that daily converse so near with Divinity, that their shining Faces are too dazzling for humane View, and therefore no less kindly than modestly, thus like Bays his Morning pictur'd in a Cloud. I confess Mr Engraver has made a pretty Jolly Company of 'em: but there indeed the Painter is a little too poetical; and our Athenians have a little strain'd a point: For when the true Muster Roll of that not overnumerous Society shall be examined, for supply of that defect, you must consider that the Veil'd Faces be a way of rag-gots to fill up the Troop: And in that fair Convention of divine Enthusiasts you must not take 'em all for the Boanerges of Wit, the Organs of Thunder, but like Guns in a Fireship, a Fire of painted wooden Tools to make up the Show.

However, no disparagement, the fewer the Hands, the harder the Labor, and consequently the greater the Honor, the Illustration of which Honor is the subject of our present Entertainment.

Dram.

Dramatis Personæ

Obadiah Grub, *Divinity and Poetry Professor of the Society.*

Jerry Squirt, *Casualt and Physician in Ordinary.*

Joachim Dash, *Mathematician.*

Jack Stuff, *a fabulist, ingenious, half Author, half Book seller.*

Darby Fetlock, *an Under-Tinker of Newgate.*

Dorothy Tickleear, *an Hllington Milkmaid.*

Mr. Freeman, *Two worthy Gentlemen of the Town.*

Mr. Hardy, *Nature's Surveyors General, the Great.*

Poll, *the Coffee-man.*

Brush, *his Man.*

Scene, *Smith's Coffee-house, Stocks market.*

The

The Pilgrimage

THe Learned Sons of Athens have thought good,
Long heard, but ne're seen, felt nor understood;
In complaisance, no longer stout nor proud,
For once to unmask, and present out their Cloud;
Believe't 'tis no small condescending Graces,
When such Seraphicks come to shew their faces.
But have a care how 'tis you look before ye,
And gaze not long too bold on such fair Glories.
And now, Sirs, for our great Heroick Drama,
The History of our fair Heirs of Fama;
Arts brazen Leaves, and Wisdoms massiest Volumn,
Learnings Nil unkn, Wits Art, and Volume;
Nature's Surveyors General, the Great All,
Athens, whose vast Ecliprick girts the Ball,
For these Illustrious Heroes kindly greeting
In elevated Coffee Cockloft meeting:
Stage somewhat of the narrow't—But no matter,
T'excuse our humble Scenes, and small Theatre,
So coopt, so pent—to own their larger due,
Such Greatness should descend to mortal view,
In pomp and state, their full Majestick mein,
Like their great Brentford Brothers, in Machine.

The

ACT I.

venue will maintain! But pray Gentlemen favour me with the Room.
Free. Fair and softly, good Landlord. It this wonderful place
man wants is no more than a poor unfortunate, pray let's know
who these learned sparks are.

A C T. I.

Free. No stumbling; we must have their Genealogies and His-
tory before we sit a foot.
Poll. If you must then? — Well, the first the Chairman, to
speak in the University is a Country Parson, by birth a Great
freedom, in his studies a Doctor, a learned Gentleman; but
at present strol'd and stopt from his Canonical drudgery, and
Mr. Freeman and Mr. Hardy, disorder'd in snatching at a Coffee
Table.

THE SCENE in Upper Coffee-Room.

Mr. Freeman and Mr. Hardy, disorder'd in snatching at a Coffee
Table.
His Member, Sir, tells Charles the Towns-walk
and dining in the City of London.

Enter to them Poll in a great heat.
Hard. What a disturbance of silence is this!

Poll. **O** H Gentlemen if you love me, I must beg one favour
of you.
Free. What's that, honest Friend?
Poll. Only that you'd kindly please to withdraw
into another Room.

Hard. Withdraw for what?
Poll. Oh Sir, the Society, the Society.

Free. What the Devil does he mean?
Poll. The Athenian Society Gentlemen.

Hard. Oh! the Athenian!
Poll. They are just now come to sit, and this is their Sessions Room.

Free. This! What is the man mad? Mercers Chapel or Gresham
Colledge thou wou'dst say.

Poll. No, nor Gresham Colledge neither, I tell you this very Room
Gentlemen, and they are just now coming.

Hard. Ouns, man, this Room won't hold ten people; and what
dost thou talk of the whole Athenian Society?

Poll. Why, how many do you take 'em to be?

Hard. Marry! A brace of scores, I suppose.

Poll. A brace of scores quoth a! when I can't 'em all yesterday
with a groats worth of Ox-cheek.

Free. How man! Have they Cannibal nomachs then?

Poll. No, nor Cannibal ones neither. But what would you have
three men eat?

Hard. Three! How no more of 'em?
Poll. Ay, and a jolly Company too; more by half than the Re-
venue

venue will maintain, But pray Gentlemen favour me with the Room.

Free. Fair and softly, good Landlord. If this wonderful *Athenian Senate* is no more than a poor *Triumvirate*, pray let's know who these Learned Sparks are.

Poll. Lord Sir ! to say to tell stories.

Free. No grumbling ; we must have their Genealogies and Histories too before we stir a foot.

Poll. If you must then ! — Well, the first, the Chair-man, to speak in the vulgar phrase, is a Country Parson, by birth a *Grubstreetonian*, in his sacerdotal Capacity a *Triclinian Sermonian* ; but at present strol'd and eloped from his Canonical drudgery, and translated to an *Athenian Heliconian* ; in plain English, the Poetry and Divinity Professor of the Society. To sum up his glory,

His Adorber, Sir, sells Cheese by the Town-walls,
And him, her dear Sir Astrophel she calls.

Hard. What a sublime Spirit of Coffee is here !

Poll. The second a Doctor of Physick —

Har. How, a Doctor !

Poll. Yes, and an illustrious one as ever put Bill to Post whose Right famous Reason shall never dye as long as his immortal *Tetrachymagogon* lives.

Free. That doughty Virtuoso ! That individual puissant Operator ! Nay thou hast hit of a Doctor, in the name of *Esculapian*.

Hard. Well, Landlord, to the third. What sort of a Quack is he ?

Poll. Quack ! have a care what you say ; I'd have you to know he scorns your words ; he's neither Quack nor Physician.

Free. But a Politician.

Poll. Politician ! no Sir, a *Mathematician*.

Free. Oh, a Mathematician !

Poll. But pray Gentlemen let me entreat you

Hard. Yes, thou hast won the field. The Room is thine ;

To the *Athenian* Worthies we resign.

Well, let the mighty *Grubstreet Heliconian*

And the Renowned *Tetrachymagogonian*,

That great oraculous bold Meeter-maker,

And this no less illustrious Piss-pot maker,

Joyn'd with their doughty Mathematick Squire,

The quondam great Amanuense of Dyer,

Under proud Roof of Poll the Coffee-man,

In true Conjunction sit With great *Diver*.

Enter
Poll. No, nor Company too ; more by half than the

Exeunt Gentlemen, and enter Athenians, viz. Grub, Squirt, Dash, attended by Stuff.

Grub. Mr. Stuff, before the House sits call over the Roll.

Stuff. I shall Sir. *Obadiab Grub.* *Grub.* Here.

Stuff. *Jerry Squirt.* *Squirt.* Here.

Stuff. *To, Dash.* *Dash.* Here.

Stuff. A whole House Gentlemen; not a member wanting.

Grub. Right; a full Session.

Squ. Now Brother *Athenians*, to the great business of the day. I have a learned proposition.

Dash. Hold Sir, no speaking before Mr. Chair-man is seated.

Mr. Chair-man seats himself.

And now Mr. Squirt, as our Royal Brother of *Bromford* says,

Since fair occasion seems so debonair,

Do you take that, and I will take this Chair.

Sent themselves on each side Mr. Chair-man.

Stuff. Gentlemen before you fall upon business, d'ye see, and debate as *Athenians*, d'ye see, give me leave to thrust in a word as a head-venturer amongst you, d'ye see; I desire your Reverences to consider 'tis not long since you had your mouths stopt, d'ye see.

Grub. Our Mercury silenced you mean.

Stuff. And it cost me near thirty Guinea for a Golden Court-key to unlock em again, d'ye see. 'Tis true, I got a kind of a Patent by it, and set up our Society as complete Corporation, with a full promise of suppressing all superlopers, whether Lord or Lady Mercuries, &c. and so the Money was not all laid out. However I must desire you to consider seriously that a poor Impression of 35 single quires of Mercuries, and above half of them Return'd, d'ye see, will be a long time raising of that sum; and therefore you must not take it up if it pinch Commons a little, and retrench superfluities, till I retrieve that loss, d'ye see.

Grub. Look you Sir, we are considering men, as you say, and acquiesce to your great Reason.

Dash. Yes Mr. Stuff, all we can pinch we will. But this by the way you must consider too, That the great Motto of our Society is

Magister Artium Ingenique Largitor Ventrem.

And therefore, sweet Sir, you must strain as far as e're you can to cherish and enliven the drooping Spirit of *Athens* in your ever obsequious and laborious Drudges and Vassals.

Stuff. Well Gentlemen, I stand corrected, and shall stretch my utmost ability to carry on the Cause.

Grub. Who's that knocks so unmannerly at the door? Lord, what

Impu.

Impudence is this World made of? *Poll.* go look out and see what rude fellows that.

Squ. If he has business of moment, admit him.

Poll. I shall Sir.

Squ. But hold; one class more in your Commission. Admit him, but first correct his faults.

Dash. Nay Brother, this grievance is intolerable. For my part, I know no reason why this August Assembly should not be treated with all the respect due to a Council-Chamber.

Grub. Right Brother; and have the attending Petitioners scrape, not knock for Admittance.

Squ. There Pledge with you both. 'Tis my Vote therefore that our Order be immediately issued forth for due observation accordingly.

Dash. The Gentleman that spoke last has advised well, and has my Vote of Concurrence.

Grub. And mine. Therefore Resolved *Naming Contradictory.*

Enter Darby Fetlock, introduced by Poll, who speaks to him entering.

Poll. 'Tis well you have acknowledged your offence: But for this first fault your submission shall be accepted. But see that you mend your manners by way of Atonement.

Darby. Lord, are they such great folks then?—Well, I am resolv'd to rummage my Parterry and rattle my Brains together for a Learned Speech to accost their High and Mighty noses.

Grub. Well friend, who are you?

Darby. I am; and shall please your Learned Profundity, by occupation a Sub-warden to the right famous Colledge is *Blay-blade* Precinct, and by my present Commission a small Envoy from a long Student and Graduate in that Honourable Society, who humbly offers to your *Athenian* discussion this weighty Interrogatory, as you'll find in the within contents. *(Gives 'em a Letter.)*

Dash. From a Recluse in that Honourable Cell. A Student and Graduate too, says he.

Squ. A Brother Collegiate, a Bird (pardon the humility of the phrase) of our own Feather; a Professor, no doubt, of the Mercurial Arts and Sciences.

Grub. Right Brother; and as a person thus dignified and distinguished, (to use my own Orthodox Dialect) 'twill be but breeding and good manners, as a natural Respect from one Learned Society to another, to treat this worthy Interrogator with all suitable Devotion and Civility.

Squ. Right worthily proposed.

Grub.

Grub. And therefore friend, as to your affair before us, we acknowledge your Credentials, and accept your Embassy. Return then to your Master, and assure him that his Negotiation shall be answer'd with all Application and Dispatch, both to our own glory and his full satisfaction. And withal, return the best Respects and Esteem of this Honourable Society to himself and the rest of his Brethren Students and Cloysters, our ever-valued Colleagues and Allies.

Dave. Right worthy Sir, I shall deliver him your Commands, and am farther commission'd to tell your Honours, That for your high favour in unboosing this knot for him, if ever he gets his *shaw* his Doublet off his back, without taking his leave in a *Passion* Col-lar; or to speak plainer in our own Colledge language, if he has but the honour of riding off Right hand-man of the Independent Troop, he is resolv'd to make you his personal acknowledgements for this signal obligation.

Exit making three low Reverences.

Grub. Now Brother, let us read and peruse.

Opens the Letter.

Reads. Most Learned and most Honour'd Athenians,

*Y*our so well known, and no less admired, and (so add one Epithet more) your ever reverend, worth and Merit, has encouraged my present Address, in beseeching your ingenious solution of the Question subscribed. Your gracious grant whereof will eternally oblige

Most Venerable Sirs. The humblest of your Votaries and Homagers,

Houpur Roadman.

Question. which is the more Noble Animal, a Lowse or a Flea?

Postscript. The first of these *gossamer Animals* (and that our *Friend* should make you partial in your Determination) has been a constant attendant of my present Retirement and Studies, and therefore not improperly some part of my speculations.

Grub. The nobler Animal a Lowse or a Flea / I profess a knotty point, and requires elaborate Headpiece-work to answer: And therefore what think you Gentlemen of two penny worth of cold Tea, alias warm *Nectar*, by way of preparatory, for enlivening our fancies, and enlightening our Intellectuals, for the livelier and sprightlier discussion of so formidable a Question?

Squ. With all our Hearts. But first by your leave Mr. *Stuff* what say you to it?

Stuff. Truly Gentlemen, not to flave a good Cause. I care not if I make it up a whole Quartern. For good Wits deserve encouragement, and as an old saying I have heard among you *Facundi Calicere*, I confess us at present a sawcy priz'd Liguor. But hang pinching,

pinching. I shall find it in the hundred, for Mr. *Grub* shall repay it in *Hailstones*.

Grub. There's those the genius and the Soul of Poetry.

Staff. Therefore, *Brush*, bring a quartern of Mr. Chairmans best Whetstone.

Brush. Presently, Sir.

Grub. A long quartern Sirrah: For Wit and Learning, Weight and Measure go through the World. Enter *Brush* with *Grandy*.

Sen. Now Gentlemen to the Question, the Nobler Animal—

Look you [Noble] is a high and honourable Epithet, a word of Altitude, as I may so say. A Man, or indeed any other Sublunary Creature may be stiled Noble, in two several senses. First, in his personal Capacity, and secondly in his Extract and Original. As to the personal Capacity of these 2 Animals proposed in the Question—

Dash. Hold Brother, the decision of that point is my Province. As to their personal capacities this I must say, since Nature either has not furnish'd these two Animals with Bulk and Dimension suitable to their extraordinary Figure and Symmetry; or rather has not furnish'd our narrow, lighted humane Opticks with sufficient perspicacity to distinguish the extraordinary parts, lineaments, and corporal accomplishments of the said animals in their due perfection, I have a little Mathematical Instrument, a small piece of Art in my pocket, that has discover'd most prodigious phenomenons in the corporeal qualifications of the said minute animals: and let me tell you, there's exactly as much difference between a Louse and a Flea, as between an Elephant and a Rhinoceros.

Grub. Prodigious indeed.

Dash. Nay, I have so accurately survey'd and delineated the Proboscis of the one, and the Cusp or Horne of the other, both so plain, and indeed so amazing. For experiment sake, Friend *Ferry*, have you ever—

Sen. I understand you—but tis not worth my unbuttoning to furnish you; for we have seen the Experiment, and are so fully satisfied in that point, that, to give 'em both their due, we know not to which to assign the superiority—but if you'll come to the second noble qualification, their Extract, a Flea has so much the fairer Original; a Flea, I assure you, Mr. Chair-man, is your own Cozen German, no less than a Son of *Phaeton*. What Parent, pray you, but the bright God of Day to warm that little infant of the Summers Sun into Life; and to shew you 'tis an offspring that does not shame its great Descent; what Activity, what Sprightliness and Vivacity do you find in it; when on the other side the dull, the phlegmatick, the heavy lumpish Saturnine Louse—

Dash.

Deſp. Nay, fair and ſoftly; you run a little too faſt. If you are for Genealogies and Nativity, pray take the great birth of the little *Robyn*, the Louſe, into your grave conſideration. Do you think 'tis not as high an honour to his Veins to have the vital warmth of Man for his Parent; that *Animus Mundus*, or at leaſt Lord of the World; nay, himſelf a World; that more than Microcoſm, Man, for his Sire.

Grub. Nay, fair and ſoftly both of you. What is Birth and Extract for a foundation of true Nobility, when as an inſpired Brother of the Quill obſerved,

Genus & proceras & quæ non ſecuritate

Vix ea noſtra vicia

No, Gentlemen, all that has already been ſaid are weak arguments in the Great Cauſe depending. Alas, conſider, my Learned Friends, that we ſit here for more important work, and ſublimèr contemplations. You forget ſure that the main Great End of our Debates and Reſults is the Encouragement of true Religion, Virtue and Piety; and the ſuppreſſion of Vanity, Vice and Profaneſs. And perhaps never was a fairer Topic of that kind came before us than in theſe two ſmall animals now in controverſie. For inſtance, what is the Flea but a perfect image or portraict of Prodigality, nay the Prodigal himſelf, that very unprovidently, like the Grathopper, only hops and dances in Summer, and ſometimes ſtarves in Winter. Nay, what's yet a greater blot in his Scutcheon for (*dic quibuscum ſit, & dicam quæ er*) he herds and ſociates with Dogs, when on the contrary, the braver ſpirited Louſe conſorts with Men, and not only ſo, but is the perfect Emblem of the provident good Husband; is no Rover, nor Rambler, but carefully keeps home, will lodge snug in the Collar of a Doublet (unleſs diſturb'd by the hard hand of *Philifines*) there perform the firſt great Commandment, *Increase and Multiply*, and be the ſtaid and careful Father of a Family even to the fifth and ſixth Generation.

Squ. Well Brother, you have ſpoke with the Voice of an Oracle. The Defence of Religion and Virtue, Morals and Principle as thou obſerveſt, are our grand affair, and accordingly we ſubſcribe to your deep Judgment. The Louſe the nobler animal; beſides I could add one mite more into the Scale of the Louſe to out-balance his weaker Rival the Flea. The Flea, with ſubmiſſion, is a perfect blood ſucker, and lives in open violation of the *Mosaic Law*.

Grub. That's no great matter, we are neither *Jews* nor *Scars* to ſtand

stand upon that scruple. And now you talk of Blood, for my part no man loves a Black-pudding better than my self: and truly having named Black-pudding, there's an honest Tripe-woman, my particular acquaintance, in the Poultry market (I believe you may see her out of the window) that sells the best in London. Under the Rose, Gentlemen, I was once a Suitor to a Daughter of hers before I marry'd my Noncon.

Dash. A Suitor said you to the Tripe-woman's Daughter?

Grub. Ay, and had like to have carry'd her, only the silly old woman broke off the Match. For when we came to the great Matrimonial preliminary the matter of Money, the penurious stingy old fool was for having me take out her daughter's whole portion in Tripe and Trotters; which substantial household geer, though Heaven knows I love very well, yet I was for some ready Cole, and could by no means dispence with all Sower and no Silver.

Stuff. Now you talk of your Tripe-mo-her that should have been, I have just now laid out a small parcel of Rhine in some of her own manufacture.

Squ. Say it thou so, honest Provider.

Stuff. In the very specifical numerical Commodity you have been talking of, Black-pudding. And now my honest Landlord below is boiling 'em for Dinner. 'Tis true I have no great fancy myself for that Heathen Anti-Judaical compound (as thou callest it). But no matter I have bought me a Chitterling for my own Dinner.

Dash. But prithee, Landlord, how cam'st thou to love that silly limber, nerveless Gut call'd a Chitterling.

Squ. Pox on thee! don't ask such an impertinent Question. Dost thou not know he can't get his Wife with Child, and what the Devil would you have him love but a Chitterling.

Dash. But does his Wife love a Chitterling too.

Squ. Main, not a word of that.

Grub. Well, Gentlemen, since our kind Master Mr. Stuff has been so careful a Caterer for us in a Dish of Black-puddings, to show you that we *Asbenians* must improve all our minutes in pushing on the Great Work, the Cultivation of Learning; No, not so much as at the hour of Dinner, lye-fallow, I am just now laboring with a very great thought which I have long teem'd withal.

Dash. Nay Mr. Chairman is in the right, we must not lose so much as our very sleeping-time without some product or other. For my part I am sure I laid the whole design of my second Spira in my sleep.

Grub. How! in thy sleep?

Dash. Verily in my sleep. You must know dreaming naturally

very

very of the Devil, that renowned Prince of the Air, and Lord of Darkness was generously pleas'd one night to inspire me in a kind Dream with the whole Hint and Foundation of my *Song*. And truly, not to be ungrateful for favours receiv'd, I embraced his Princely Highness's kind motion, and the very next morning set pen to paper *in memory of Divine Assistance*, touch'd with a Cole from his own Altar, and writ like a perfect Enthusiast.

Grub. Nay, now you talk of the sweet repoling tosse of sleep for a conceptionary inspiration, I can assure you I have made use of a much homelier hour; For, between friends, I have answer'd many a Poetical Lady's Question in our Mercury upon my Stool; and every strain I made I rag'd a Couplet. Nay Gentlemen, my Muse and I (I can tell you) have both disembody'd together.

Squ. Well but as you were saying, what's this Mercurial Rap-sody of yours we are like to have now at this gawdy dinner of ours?

Grub. Why, truly I have summ'd up our whole Society, our Arts and Sciences, and indeed the whole body of our *Athenian* Learning in this grand Ode now before us, viz. a Black-pudding.

Squ. I protest, a noble Thought.

Grub. 'Tis true, I once design'd it for a loftier Pindarick, but at present take it in humbler Heroick.

Dash. Silence in the Court whilst Mr. Chair-man delivers.

Grub. Assist me some bold Muse, profoundly studying

For the great Compound, an *Athenian Pudding*.

A large Black-pudding, neither long nor short,

Oval nor round, but a fair Figure of *Eight*.

That grand Numerick 8, but justly given

To us great Bards, Th' old Sages were but *Seven*.

Put by the dint of our *Athenian Pen*,

Y'Ve justly write ourselves the *Eight Wise Men*.

Omnes. Hum, hum, hum!

Grub. Come all our Learned Votaries, to delight you,

Hear to what Entertainment we invite you.

Come taste our Dish, serv'd up in Plaster Wooden,

A Dish a Feast, and that great Feast a Pudding.

Our Mercury, Wit's noble Medley I treat

What is true Pudding-like, but *Sawdust* meat?

Wit from the top to bottom, is well known

A right true Pudding still, *All Meat, no Bone*.

Have we Sense, Learning, Wisdom, full and whole:

Still a Black-pudding, stuff'd with *Blood and Soul*.

Our Learned labours, Sirs, have all that's good in;

The more *Athenian* still, a Marrow Pudding.

Marrow indeed our Pudding never lacks;
 Unless sometimes the Cur in boiling cracks;
 And then the Wit runs out, till poor *lank things*,
 We shrink and dwindle into *Chitrelines*.
 Mourn the more lofty subjects; fit for volumes;
 The daily Arguments that grace our columns;
 What if sometimes a *Piran* Question creeps,
 So *Tom Thumb* too in *Athen* Pudding peeps.
 Have we sometimes some merry quaint Device,
 Of *Joque* and *Clinch*? Our Pudding *Herbs and Spice*,
 May *Athen* sons proud Glory ne'er depart em
 Whilst our mighty works *Pisum Patrum*.
Here they all Draw, and march with their naked Knives
into the next Room to Dinner.

ACT II.

Enter Grub, Squire, Dash and Stuff, as from Dinner.

Grub. I profess Gentlemen a Festival Banquet, an absolute *Bacchanal*, In *verbo Sacerdotis*—*Heliconensis* I would say; I have not canell my self so sumptuously Heav'n knows the good day.

Squ. Nay, truth, as thou say'st, 'twas a luscious Regale. For my part I fell on so briskly, and bestir'd my Grinders so heartily—

Dash. Nay Gentlemen, to do us all right, there was no Love lost on any side; we all behav'd our selves so manfully, and made our Attack so substantially, with our *Loyns* girt and our *Sandals* buckled, till we made as clear work as a *Jew* at a *Passover*. And now Gentlemen, *a propa!* what think you, if for a short pause after Dinner, not always to be wrapt up in our *Athenian* attitudes, nor altogether converse with Sublimities, for once we lay aside our *non vacat Exiguus*, and our *Majora canamus*, and e'ne descend from our *Learned Pantheon* to laugh out half an hour in a little humbler chat, and talk like the vulgar.

Squ. Truly a very good proposal. And what if to make up the mirth, we take our honest Landlord into the Consort?

Grub. By all means! Let him be call'd — **Mr. Poll.**

Poll. Our pleasure, Gentlemen?

Enter Poll.

Squ. Mr. Chair-man gives you leave to sit down with us.

Poll. I humbly thank your Honours.

Dash. Nay, Mr. Chair-man, I suppose you'll favour him with leave to be cover'd too.

Grub. With

Grub With all my heart: *Mr. Poll*, we must not bear state always; pray for once make no Ceremony, but be one of us. 'Tis true, 'tis a Grace we must not always grant; for besides the Dignity of this Honourable Society, even in my own private capacity, must tell you *Mr. Poll*, not to pride myself, I think a Son of the University ought to be

Squ. Worthip you mean. There I confess, Brother *Grub*, you have somewhat the advantage of me. For a University or a Colledge, *Oxonian*, *Alma Maternian*, and so forth, were never any part of my ambition. Heaven be prais'd, I can prepare my *Tetrahymenogon* without a Velvet Cap or a Tufted Gown; without the servitude of a Scholars Apprenticeship, or the charge and expence of a learned Livery. No, Gentlemen, I profess a great deal more good husbandry than that comes to. For look you, my Masters, as long as there's Post or Pissing-place in either street, nook or alley, in the whole spacious Town of *London*, to blazon my renown upon, 'tis infinitely less chargable to have my Fame and Learning stand conspicuous in large black and white, than to walk in Scarlet from the Schools to *St. Mary's*. Besides, I thank my Stars, I have been as serviceable in the Bills of Mortality, and have had the hearty prayers of all the Parish Clerks and Sextons, and all with as able an executing hand, as the proudest Graduate Professor of 'em all.

Dash. Nay, there I jump with my Brother *Squirt*. An University is no part of my pretension neither; I bless Heaven my very small Literature is of my own Nursery, a homely plant of my own Kitchen Garden, I assure you. And truly I am rather proud than ashamed of that Qualification. For mark me Gentlemen, more Confidence and less Learning makes the Compounds for an *Arbini-m*. And possibly had my foolish Parents, or my own misfortune destin'd me for an Academian, 'tis ten to one but the University Modesty might have done me more harm than good, by bawking my Courage, and consequently marring my Preferment, by rendering me incapable of my present post of Honour.

Squ. Truly Brother, a very good observation, Modesty is indeed not cold a Glabe for an *Athenian* soyl. We must have Horf-dung Beds for our brisker and nimbler productions. *Minerva* was the offspring of *Jove's* brain; and pray was not *Vulcan's* hard Hand and his harder Hammer call'd for her *Lucina*. For my part, I would not give a farthing for a Head-piece that has not a Forehead answerable to it. 'Tis not your Leaves of Brass, those boasted Records of Heroes; but Fronts of Brass, that must raise our Monuments.

Dash. Faith

Dash. Faith thou hast hit it. 'Twas just such a Front that writ my Second *Spine*.

Grub. Ay boy, that was a Master stroke. Pray Mr. *Stuff* how many have you sold of that glorious *Apocrypha*?

Stuff. Only some few small Impressions, sum'm total about 18 thousand. Well, Mr. *Dash*, I am not a little obliged to you for that tickling *Quivado*, that sweet Vision of Hell.

Dash. Muse quoth a no troth; those silly Shamefac'd Girls,

the pite blushing Fools, I assure you were no Gossips at that jolly Christning.

No really, if I may tell you the truth, it was illuminated by a *Grubstreet Apollo*, whilst the great Souls of *Gargantua*, *Lazarillo*, *Captain Jones*, *St. Jago Piggins*, &c. were the warm transmigrating Fires that animated me for the bold *Montellon* of that Golden Oracle.

Grub. Nay, troth that elaborate piece is all pure *Elusin Atheniense*, the very Spirit and Quintessence of thy Mercenary *S.A.L.F.*

But hang thee, *Jo*, not to make thee too proud neither, in my opinion our honest Master, *Hale Jack* there, has been the hardiest

bold *Britain* of the two in that courageous publication; and accordingly deserves the fairer share of the *Lawrel* for it.

For look you, *Jo*, thy part in it was no more, than we brothers of the Quill, by virtue of that great branch of the Poet and Painters Charter, *Quidlibet audendi*, may pretend some little Excuse for.

Besides Gentle men, do not we write *Athenians*, and pray is not *Athens* a fair Town

of (let me see) some 2 thousand miles distance from little old *England*?

Squ. Such a way bit, Mr. *Grub*.

Grub. Tar-box, we write Travellers too; and consequently, by the known right and property of Travellers, may very lawfully

Squ. Do what?

Grub. Lye by authority; and there's an end on't.

Dash. Sweet Sir, I am your most obliged humble Servant.

Grub. But for our friend and Patron *Jack*. What puffs has he stood in defending, and what toyl and fatigue has he undergone in

vouching and legitimatizing that spurious brat? For example, how many motherly Matrons (the pious chap-women for that golden

piece, that *aurum fulminans*, for the blowing up and confounding the

Atheistical Gogs and Magogs) has he had to tickle and chuckle into

an implicit Faith for the swallowing of that pious Legerdemain,

Nay, and what's harder yet, how many Grape-gown Visitants, those more learned and more formidable Curious, has he had to

satisfie in the undoubted veracity of that prodigious *Ens* *physicum*.

Stuff.

(5)

Stuff. Nay hold a Little Gentlemen, pray give me leave to be my own Trumpet in this cause, as best able to sing my own Glorys in that Triumphant Subject, I assure you, Gentlemen to all the Several Thousand Inquisitors upon that Question (for 'twas half the work of my shop to answer them) tho I say it my self, I have stood the Brunt with that presence of mind, that Courage and Constancy enough to dub me a Heroe. You know I have a Languid sort of Countenance, and what with a grave face, and the manage of a Sanctify'd Grimace, I have replyed so demurely, turn'd up white of Eyes so devoutly, and protest so sincerely, that really I have rarely or never met that severest e'ne Infidell Curiosity, that I have not soften'd and sweetn'd into some sort of a Conversion. But Mr. *Dash*, I am the best Book-seller for such an Anthour, for you must know I have a particular Talent that way. 'Tis no new thing to me I assure you. Time has been that I have had the Confidence (the modest assurance I would say) of as bold an undertaking before.

Dash. No doubt on't Mr. *Stuff*, Nor am I insensible of your Virtues of that kind. For truly between frinds the knowledge I had of my Publishers merits that way was possibly my greatest Encouragement for the work. Under the Rose, I had never labour'd with that Stupendious Birth, had I not been well assured of so able a Nursing hand to rear it.

Stuff. There you did me Right. And Indeed you had sufficient reason for that assurance in me. For as 'tis notoriously known, that I have publisht some posthumous Peices even of my own dear Daddys writing and composing under my own name; as my own legitimate and particular Production and Offspring: and rob'd the very dead for no other Feather then the Titular Author to grace the Booksellers Scutcheon. After so currant a Slur upon the world for meer vanity sake, 'tis hard, if in so much greater and weightier an Importance as the profit and Interest of so Selling a Copy as *Spira*, I could not strain a little Extraordinary point of modesty for so potent a Consideration.

Poll. By your Leave Gentlemen, shall I make bold to thrust in a word?

Grub. With all my heart honest Landlord, I think thou hast not spoke yet.

Poll. Then truly Mr. *Stuff*, if you have had the happiness of Sweetning and Softening so many thousand Infidels into a Beleaf of your *Spira*, you have had better luck then I upon that Subject.

Stuff. Thou! Landlord.

Poll. Yes I Sir. For my part I ventur'd once and but once to try my little Rhetorick for making a Convert of one of those Infidells, and I declare I had like to have had my head broke for't.

Dash. Why honow Landord: wert thou a Champion for my *Spira*?

Poll. Yes troth a peice of one, and much I got by't. For t'other day there came a gentleman to drink a dish with me, and falling

(4)
fowl upon your *Spira*, I in good Reason, as I thought, began a little to rebuke him for traducing and Scandalising so Authentick and Substantiall an Oracle as the History of the second *Spira*. Hereupon besides a hundred Impudents and Rascalls he call'd me for Justifying so notorious a piece of villany (nay if he had been in mad *Nantz* as he was only in sober Coffee I believe he had knock'd me down,) he was pleas'd to utter such hideous hard words against the Authour and Publisher of it, as made me tremble to hear him. If you think Mr. *Dash* you can bear the hearing of them, I have a pretty good memory, and believe could repeat them *verbatim*.

Dash. Hear them Landlord? Ay with all my heart. And as to the Bearing I have as much of that part of the great Cardinall Fortitude as the whole nine Worthys.

Poll. With your permission then *First* in plain English he Swore the Pamphlet or fable of the Second *Spira* was the most notorious lye and forgery that ever look'd light in the face.

Dash. A very fair Beginning.

Poll. Nay, and you'll have as fair an End out too. To proceed then he did not (he said) so much quarrell at the Impudence and Knavery of the Romance it self, as being no doubt a Badge of the Authours profession, but at the non-sense and Stupidity of the dull Rogue for putting his Lyes so Sillyly and foolishly together.

Grub. That indeed was a Shrewd blot.

Caside.

Poll. For, (contin'd he) how do they patch up the credit of this *Mormo*? O yes? very substantially. For 1st. a politick Advertisment at the End of the Book and in half a dozen Mercuries besides, gives us to understand that the worthy and reverend Divine from whose hand the *Athenian* compiler had his notes and minutes to work upon, had unluckily taken a Religious Ramble into the Country (a blind Journey I suppose to the D's Ar—of *Peake*) and thereby was unfortunately non present for the necessary Vindication of the Sacred Truths in that History to confront the Scruples and Calumnys against it.

Squirr. So Sir, go on.

Poll. 2^{ly}. What was the greatest obstruction to a full Discovery, 'twas insinuated that the unhappy Gentleman the Subject of that Tragickall Relation, was a person of high Quality, and therefore his honourable Parents us'd their best Injunctions to hush his name as a reflection upon their noble Family to have such an Apostate member dye out of it.

Dash. Very well. And pray what could this Satyricall Guest of yours object against these two Insinuations, as he's pleas'd to call 'em.

Poll. Why truly e'en enough to lay you flat on your Back. To the first, says, he, was ever such a blockhead as this thick scull'd *Athenian*, to feign so ridiculous a Story as the black robed Gentlemans Absence in the Country to the unfortunate stifling their *Spira's* Veracity; when besides that single attesting Dr. the Book mentions that no less

then four professors of Divinity had the ghostly Care of this poor Gentleman on his Death bed; and pray were the other all gone into the Country too, that not one single Champion of 'em all could step forth, tho' in so important a Cause; so necessary a Testimoniall for the Service of his Religion and Alters. Ay but his Parents forsooth had bound 'em to Silence. Very pretty Injunction, when the bare triviall Request of a Scrupulous Parent (for that was the Parents utmost power) could be of force sufficient to supersede the higher obligations of Conscience and Christianity in four Orthodox (or indeed suppose but one single one) professors of Religion and Preachers of the Gospel, to be so much Traytors to their God (for that's their best name) that not one of 'em from that day to this has so much as open'd his mouth, (nay and that too in so Atheisticall an Age) to the attesting that single short narrative of this anonimous *Spirits* dreadfull Example, tho' possibly to a much greater Service to their Church then the whole Pulpit work of half an Age.

Squire A very Severe Observer.

Poll. And as to the Parents wonderfull tenderness of their Families Credit in this Severe Injunction upon the silenced Divines, truly neither Barrell better herring, if we can suppose such honourable Christian Parents so concern'd for the Reputation of one disolute Son, one mortified Branch of their whole Stock, as to do so publick an Injury to the whole Christian Profession in so Barbarous a Tongue-tye; this I may safely say of 'em. they are neither half the Christians nor had half the Charity upon Earth as *Dives* had in Hell; for he good man, comparatively so call'd, was for making his own dreadfull Example of Eternall Vengeance, if possible, a Sea-mark to his Brethren upon Earth, by sending Messengers to them to warn 'em from splitting on his Rock, and being swallow'd in his Gulph; which if you'l believe the *Athenians*, was no part of this Noble Familys Consideration. Let a thousand *Atheisticall* Renegadoes dye and be damn'd (which possibly this only Example openly and faithfully transmitted to Posterity might have converted) provided that this single Apostate Child of theirs may sleep in his grave with a *non me tangere*, only for the pleasure of keeping his Ashes unprofaned, in compliment forsooth to his honourable Pedegree.

Dash. And was this all he had to say?

Poll. Only a short farewell Conclusion, which was that you ought to fall upon your Knees (only he thought praying was no part of your Studies) and thank Heaven and a mercyfull Government that you have not had a fair lash from *Newgate* to *Tyburn* for so impudent an Imposture sham'd upon the world under a License and Imprimatur, enough to put Religion it self out of Countenance, as if it wanted such Authorized Cheats and lyes to appear in publick with a *cum privilegio* as a Crutch to support it.

Dash. Enough Enough good Landord. The Gentleman was a little too Satyricall. And truly thou hast made a sort of an ungratefull Titillation

lation in some laughing Organs about me, that I vow I care for hearing no more. Not that I am troubled with any such green-sickness Virgin Grace as Blushing, no I thank my Constitution I have a tougher Skin; and defy the utmost the smiling world can say against me. For Landlord I may tell you as a Friend, that Truth and Honesty, Religion or Conscience are no *Athenian* Arguments, we write for the penny, and there's an Answer for all.

Grub. Well Gentlemen, what if we Change this melancholy Subject and talk of a little merrier Country matters.

Dash. What of our Wives?

Grub. Ay no better Subject.

Stuff. Nay Gentlemen if you talk of wives, I have that to say to my Wife—

Squirr. Nay I fancy thou hast much to say to her, but I believe thou dost little enough in Conscience, by a very sad token we have so little fruits of thy Labour.

Stuff. Not so neither Mr. *Squirr*. I can assure you there's no good will wanting of my side.

Dash. Nor of hers I'll swear for her.

Stuff. 'Tis true the Blessing of Children and rayning of seed—

Grub. With the small Corne in thy Bushell—

Stuff. Is not every womans happiness.

Dash. Not every mans Ability—

Stuff. Not that the Blessing of Children is the only consideration, for besides that, there's a certain pride and credit in being a Father, and that little sort of Honour in a fire-side, that truly I am in no small Affliction from my shame and Reproach under the Infelicity of that want. Nay what with the Jeers of my sneering neighbours abroad—

Squirr. And thy Curtain Lectures for non-performance at home—

Stuff. Together with my want of an Heir to my Copys (viz. to my Fee-simple in ten Volumes of Mercuries, and the twice ten more you I write me) I labour under no little trouble of mind.

Squirr. Nay really Mr. *Stuff* all these are sensible Afflictions especially the last mortifying Thought, the want of an Heir to thy Mercurial Volumes, Treasures, let me tell you, as precious as Purcelaine, that may lye by to thy great great grand-children a Hundred years hence.

Dash. Nay besides all this a Childless Citizen looks so Bankrupt like, so forlorn a wretch, that poor trader in Love, as if he had neither City stock of his own, nor Court credit to supply him.

Grub. Look you Brother *Dash*, neither your Mathematicks nor Mr. *Squirr*'s Philosophy has yet hit of the true Cause of Mr. *Stuff*'s malady and Distemper.

Stuff. Malady and Distemper, sayd you?

Grub. Ay, distemper old Boy downright naturall Infirmity. But if thou'lt follow my Direction, I'll help thee to a Recipe better then all his *Tetrachymagogan*, a Cure that shall mend all thy faults and make

thee a Dad immediately.

Stuff. Mend my faults and make me a dad? I vow Mr. *Grub* you'll do me the greatest kindness in the whole world, and you shall never know what I'll do for you if you'll oblige me with this dear Recipe.

Grub. Well then to make it pass the sweeter
Ere take it as it runs in Meeter.
Thou want'st indeed— (I know thou do'st)
A Son and Heir— (and 'tis but just)
An Heir on whom; (Born to inherit,
If possible, a treble Spirit,)
When Our High Holbein Chariots call,
May our Athenian Mantle fall.

But why is this great Heir ungot:
All thy own foolish fault; God wot.
Thou'rt, in plain English, Honest Laddy,
Too much a sloyer for a Daddy.
To longing, Spouse what's more uneasy
Then to consummate Gross and Greasy.
Nothing like spruce and gay and gallant,
Best tickles the Conceiving Talent.
Reforme, Gen Jack; and pick up, go
Powder and drink thy self a Beau.

Throw by thy Cockbroths, Jellys, Eggs and Chocolate,

And borrow some kind Friend thy Crab's inoculate.

Exit Omnes. Mr. *Stuff* and *Grub* gracefully embracing.

A C T. III.

Enter Grub, Squirt, Dash, Stuff &c.

Grub. **W**ELL Mr. *Stuff* have you consulted your pillow,
and resolv'd upon my Poetical Instructions and
measures for carrying on the great work of Propagation.

Stuff. why really Mr. *Grub* I have ruminated and ponder'd
upon your Learned Advice in that Conjugall Importance.

Squirt. Well; how and how then can you say with our old
friend *Carline*.

It is decreed nor shall thy Fate Oh Rome—

Stuff. 'Tis so far decreed that all the necessary Preliminaries
are already Settled. For Instance I have not only been treating
with the Broom man and Kitchin-stuff-maid; those necessary small
Merchants for the disposall of my old Wardrop; but I have
likewise consulted the ablest Cucumber Oracle my Neighbour
Sheerman, and Mrs. *Topping* and Mrs. *Commode*, the Taylor Sem-
stress and Milliner in the Caball the whole Fraternity and Si-

Herhood of Beau-makers, for my personall Equipment and Imbellishments.

Grub. Nay then my dear Disciple, I see my good Doctrine has not been throw away upon thee.

Stuff. Nor is this all my Preparatory. For after I have new Cas'd my self, new rig'd and tackled my outward Futniture, I am resolv'd to take a little pains and lay out some Cost upon the Hulk it self; and therefore designe to go t^e the *Hummums*.

Squire. The *Hummums*! I vow that is taking pains upon thy Hulk indeed; the sweetest way of Careening a fowl vessell.

Stuff. Nay Gentlemen I intend to go through stich with it; To be Cupt and re-cupt, rub'd up and rub'd down, bathed and balm'd, fumed and famigated, hum'd and double humm'd, my Masters, till I put Spirit and Elixir into me; And then—

Grub. And then indeed old Boy. Nay thou takest the right Method for it: and if after all this trimming and sweetning thou dost not slip into thy dear Sponges Titillations, and tickle her up a little Bantling, we must then conclude thy Disease is Desperate, and nothing but the last Application will perform the Cure.

Stuff. The last application? Borowing help to inoculate my Crag. I suppose you mean. Nay as you say, if all the rest of your prescription will not Effectually operate, I must be forc'd to submit, and e'ne dispeice with that last unflavoury Dose of Horn Jelly, the Inoculation you speak of, rather then want a Son and Heir.

Grub. Nay there thou are i'th right on't. For not to be frighted at a hard name, a little common Popular Obloquy, a meer vulgar Error in that point, I remember an old Bard once sweetly sang.

The Trips of Whores how do's the World mistake in?
The only Injury in Cuckold-making
Is where th' avidden too bold Guests Carouse,
Without By'r leave Good Landlord of the House;
But helping Friend upon a good Occasion
Is only Invitation not Intusion.

Stuff. I profess a sweet Distinction!

Grub. Besides there's that Reproach and shame of Life,
In Childless Husband and unteeming Wife,
That have that Flaw in Reputation stopp'd,
Nor Families fall for want of being propp'd,
What we can't raise 'tis prudent to adopt.

Stuff.

Snuff. Nay sweet Mr. Grub you speak such profound Reason, that I stand the most convinc'd and most confirm'd Convert in the whole world; and cant forbear answering you in a small Rhime of my own Composition

*Oh the Sweet Toys of Love
Of Girls and Boys
Self my wives Parly-bed, I thought could breed Love
I swear by Athens Oules and my own Raven,
To give her Conscience Liberty and Freedom
To loose her Cask of Game to help her Cravings*

Enter Mr. Freeman.

Freem. By your sweet Leave Sirs, I come from a very honest Gentleman, who desires to Communicate some small Affairs to your Honourable Society.

Snuff. An honest Gentleman say you
Freem. Ay, and a learned one too: A man of Sense as well as Honor.

Grub. Say you so? He soon try that. Nay do's this Learned Gentleman read our Mercurys?

Freem. Ay, and admire 'em too.

Grub. Enough Enough, I need no other proofs of his Learning. His Sense and Parts are unquestionable. For as our Brother, *Box* says of his Play, So we make our Mercury our Touchstone. He that is our Admirer, gives a sufficient Indication of all the accomplishments both of a Philosopher and a Virtuoso, and Ingenuity needs no further a Test.

Freem. Nay, if that can accomplish him for an Ingenioso, he is not only your Admirer but your Champion too.

Snuff. Our Champion? worthy Sir?

Freem. Yes Sir you'll find him in the first Column of your Mercury of the 20th of May last, throwing down a small gauntlet of his in your quarrell by way of Challenge to an impudent anonymous Adversary of yours.

Grub. Oh, I remember that Honourable Friend of ours, subscribed to that sent us the kind Letter in Vindication of a small Couplet of mine in one of our Mercurys, against an Attacque of Envy and Ignorance, under the Imputation and Charge of Blasphemy.

Freem. I think I Remember the Distick, speaking of the Wind.

*Man knows not whence it comes nor where it goes.
If he that sends it knows, he only knows.*

Grub. Ay, and some overwise snarlers forsooth, were pleas'd to Criticise upon that last line as no less then a Blasphemous Reflection upon Gods Omniscience, as if he could be Ignorant of a common Naturall Cause and Effect.

Freem.

Freem. But my good Friend (not that your greater Abilities wanted so poor an Advocate) I hope, did you right Gentlemen.

Grub. O beyond all Expression. For my part I cannot but remember his learned Arguments even with a sort of Veneration. How do's he lay our feeble Adversarys upon their Backs? as if every Hypotheticall Expression (as they foolishly suggest Heav'n help their weakness) must imply a Negative. Well but that worthy Gentleman has produced such Arguments and cited such Authority to clear that point as nothing could make a more generous Defence for us, nor more substantiall Justification.

For Instance,

Seneca Si Deus est animus nobis ut carnis alicuius, non est ille tibi precipue si puer, membra colendum.
As if says he either the suppos'd Heathen Authour *Seneca*, or rather the true Christian Authour *Franciscus de Sta. Clara* could be guilty of doubting wheither God was a Spirit or no.

And in another Instance,

Horace Frigida si sit Hyems, cum aqua sumant, byemides.
As if (continues he) that Famous and memorable Authour and Physitian *Johannes Nabrigensis* so renown'd in the Reign of *Richard* the 2^d could doubt wheither winter was cold or no; because forsooth thus Hypothetically expresseth.

Freem. But pray Gentlemen by the by are you of my Friends Opinion that *Franciscus de Sta. Clara* an eminent Christian Monk, in the 13th Century, was the true Authour of those disticks commonly call'd *Sententia Pueriles*, and not the reputed Heathen Moralist *Cato*.

Grub. Ay no doubt on't. I could have resolv'd you that twice seven Years agoe. For those Famous Authours your friend quotes for his Authority viz. *Joachim Crispius*, Mr. *Ashmole* &c. the one that asserts it in his *Dissertationes de Cris. fid. Christ.* and the other in his *Chymia Sacra*, are both of 'em writers of unquestion'd Veracity, and both my particular Closet Friends and Acquaintance.

Freem. Then you have read both those Authours?

Grub. through and through, pith and marrow, nerve and sinew; as for *Joachimus* I'll say that for him, I do not believe that there's ever a school casuist of 'em all mootes Points of Conscience like him. Between Friends, I have accommodated my self with many an Answer to some knotty points of Religion in several of our Mercurys, from that very Authour. No disparagement, I hope Sir, to borrow from the learned.

Freem. O, sye Sir, disparagement! rather your Glory, Sir, to have that Honourable trust and familiarity with the Keys and

Cabinets

Cabinets of such venerable Antiquity.

Grub. As for Mr. *Almole*, that more modern English Pen, I am of opinion that nothing has made so Elaborate an Extraction of the quintessence and spirit of Divinity as his *Chymia Sacra* have done.

Squirr. Nay now you talk of Your Two learned *Adephitaphiles* and *Familiar*, pray let me thrust in one word of my particular Closet-Mate and Croney too, the worthy *Jaumes Nutrigenis*, I assure you Sir I have so much Reason to be deep in his Books, that I can vouch that for the Honour of old *Richard* the 2.^d's days, that that very *Esculapian* of never dying Memory, was the Original Founder of my *Tetrachymagogen*. Not but I have built and improved upon his Basis. And not but a young Cook may add one corne of salt, and one grain of spice to an old standing Pye. But in short the Original Dish is all his own, and possibly tis no small feather in my Cap that the Care and Industry of my Ancestours, have preserved that golden Arcanum hallow'd and inviolable for so many successive Ages, and lodged it wholly and solely in my hands.

Freem. Lord, what Universall Learning must You *Abemians* have; such prodigious deep-read Men, that no Art nor Mystery, Depth nor Shallow, Writer or Authour comes amiss to you.

Dash. Nay Sir, that we must say for our Society, that we are (take us together) the whole *Bodleian* of Learning, *Universal*, as you well observe, being the very Crest of our Scutcheon. Or what wou'd our undertaking signify else?

Freem. Well Gentlemen but after all your wondrous *Universality*, what if this *Joachimus* and this *Almole* and this *Nutrigenis*, should be as errant Romance as *Tom Thumb* in *Folio*, neither any such Men nor any such Authours in the whole Universe, a mere *non ens*, no such thing as his *Dissertationes*, nor tothers *Chymie in Rerum natura*.

Grub. How! what's that you say?

Freem. Nothing but downright Truth honest *Grub* of *Grab-steele-hall*, and so the honest Gentleman, that sent you that Vindication, pray'd me to tell you.

Grub. Abused, bantered, and ridiculed!

Freem. Enc so. Neither better nor worse. As for the poor Heathen Philosopher *Cato*, we must do him Justice and unchristen his Disticks and e'ne restore them to their true Daddy; and your 12th Century man *de Siâ. Clara* modestly draw of, notwithstanding the unquestion'd Veracity of your intimate Closet Freinds and Acquaintance

quaintance, sweet Mr. Grub. 'Tis true, as to little Jeryes old Crowney honest *Johannes Nubrigensis alias Jack of Newbery*: That famous *Esculapins*, might undoubtedly be the true Founder of his *Tetrachymagogen*, if I mistake not, it being a Receipt of an old Granneys, one of *Jack Newbery* spinsters, found in a corner of an old Cupboard of the reverend Gentlemans, together with an old Ruff and an *Aqua-Vua* bottle, and some other venerable Reliques of Antiquity.

Squire. Well! pray Sir go on.

Freem. Nay if you like it, you're heartily welcome to it.

Dish. And so, Sir — as you were saying —

Freem. Why Sirs, if those Bodleian Head-peices of Yours, your deep *Abbeian Universality*, instead of your Boasted Antiquity-Wisdom, had had Learning enough to have read but the History of Yesterday, you might have learnt that the famous *Franciscus de S. Clara*, instead of a 12th. Century man was a late Somerset house Brother, a modern *Babylonish* Controversy Scribler (possibly living to this day,) and answer'd by Dr. *Stillingfleet*. But pardon the notorious grossness of the Banter, my kind Friend your generous Vindicator, knew the depth of your *Abbeian* swallow and digestion, and therefore not suspecting any danger of a Discovery, he prepared his sham accordingly.

Grub. Then belike all that Gentlemans Vindication in clearing our Assertion of Blasphemy, both his Authors and Quotations were all a downright Ridicule upon us.

Freem. Yea verily Reverend Mr. Chairman.

Squire. And we have returned him that gratefull and public Acknowledgment for just nothing?

Freem. Even so Mr. Squire. For had you had but three grains of your own *Tetrachymagogen* in your head, you might easily have perceived that all his pretended Arguments in your defence only barbaqued upon you. For what Analogy is there between your Hypothetical [*If*] and *Caro's*?

Si Deus est Animus. Is there an absolute Affirmative? and might as well have been *Ut Deus est animus*: As God is a Spirit he ought to be worship't, &c. And so *Frigida sunt Hyems* might have been *Frigida eum sunt Hyems*. Since winter is cold, &c. But your [*If*] in the Devils name.

If God that sends it knows, he only knows, is as gross a Reflection upon Gods Omniscience, as that Vindication is upon your *Abbeian* Ignorance. And this my worthy Friend Commissioned me to tell you, and so fare ye well most Learned

Sons

Sons of *Athens*.

Squire. Nay stay a little Sir one word before you go *aside to Grub*
Death: if he carries it off thus we are undone.

Dish. Nay never was such a slip put upon us; that's certain.

Grub. Let me alone to bring it off again. You shall see?
what my front can do. Now dear Impudence assist me. *aside*
Well Sir you have trolld it on as a high rate. You think you have
smitten us hip and Thigh, I warrant you.

Freem. Only some small Trophy Sir not much worth our Boast-
ing.

Grub. Not much worth it indeed. For to give the Gentleman
our sham Friend and the whole world satisfaction in this matter,
and clear our Society from the grinning Triumph you think you
have got on us, you shall hear the whole Case examin'd and stated,
and our whole wounded Reputation as fairly salv'd and repair'd
to the utter Confusion of all our laughing Enemies.

Freem. Say you so Sir?

Grub. Pray Brother *Squire* who writ that Mercury of the *orb*
of *May*?

Squire. E'ne your own sweet self Mr. *Grub*. For for my part
I had no hand in it, for I happen'd at that time to be some miles
out of Town upon a very important medicinall Operation, no
less then attending a Patient of Quality, being indeed sent for
in a Coach and Four, to cure an old Lady of the Piles.

Dish. Nay and I had no hand in't neither, for I happen'd too
to be call'd aside as far as *Hemistom* upon a very considerable Ma-
themattick Affair no less then surveying a Turnip Field and a
Crab-tree Orchard.

Grub. Do you hear this Sir.

Freem. Ay Sir and what then?

Grub. Only mark the winding up of the Bottom. So in fine
Brother *Athenians* I my single individuall self was left in Town and
consequently my own numerically pen writ and Composed that par-
ticular Mercury.

Squire. Only your own single *Minerva* I assure you.

Grub. Look you there Sir — pray what may I call your name?

Freem. Ned Freeman.

Grub. Then Mr. Freeman did not I tell you I should clear our
Athenian Reputation and can any thing to our immortally right-
ed Honour be made out plainer. Was not that Mercury a pure
By-brat of mine? Was it compiled any otherwise then raptim so
I may so say? Was it concerted or discuss'd in a full *Athenian*

Consistory

Consistory

Confistory? No Sir, 'twas only a private slip of my own. And as such, the whole Society stands safe and unblemish'd. For look you Sir we pretend not to Infallibility. *Ex Chorus.* As men or so, in our severall private Capacities we may have our oversights and Faylings; but as the whole Body of *Athenians*, in full *Sancetur*, in General Council assembled, we defy the whole world to overreach us, or less then Divinity and Oracle to slip from us.

Enter Satamarcy old *Grub*.
Grub. Pray Sir you may e'ne return as wise as you came, and pray bid your Freind your dear Sir Poll make the best of his *Joachim* and his *Nubigenis*, for any hurt he or they can do us, and so pray give him our Societies hearty humble service; and so we kiss your fair hand.

Enter May *Grub*, thou hast won it fairly now. I shall return as you say as wise as I came, and leave your *Athenian* Reverences no wiser then I found you. Oh sons of Athens what you want in sense.

Grub. In Impudence. You see we understand you both in prose and verse, and to answer you in another farewell Rhime of mine, Think not the world shall *Grub* bold Genius fright,

Athen will write; not all our *Poes* Proud spight
Shall ever check our great *Heracles* Labors;

But we'll drive on Eternall paper daubers.
Spurr. Well Brother *Grub*, thou hast carry'd it off with a high hand, and bore up very magisterially. But for all this our Society was never so ruffled before.

Dash. *Joachims* and *Nubigenis*! a pox of our *Universality*? I declare we were never so Flounder'd in all our lives.

Grub. Pshaw! many such a dry Bob must we expect, if we write *Mercury's*. But hang it, I am for copying my Freind *Macarius*.

Laugh and divert it with some other Thought.

But let our Fleering Adversarys make their best on't.

At least t'will be but a poor Nine-days wonder,
To catch us Tripping in one blind-side Blunder.

Enter Poll.

Poll. Gentlemen here, *Dorothy Ficklers* the *Islington* Milkmaid presents her humble service to you, and desires your Acceptance of a Dish of Cream, and withall beseeches the favour of a word with your Honours.

Dash. Oh by all means admit her.

Spurr. Ay Landlord pray hand her in civilly. *[Exit Poll.*
Grub.

Grub. A dish of Cream ! I profess a Right Noble Patroness, and the least we can do, is to dedicate our next Volume of Mercurys to her.

Enter Poll leading Dorothy.

Grub. Madam *Dorothy*—

Dor. Madam *Dorothy* ! Indeed Sir that's too much, plain Mrs. *Dorothy* will serve my turn.

Squir. Then dear Mrs. *Dorothy*, we are all extremely obliged to your pretty sweetness for this extraordinary Favour.

Dor. Nay I vow Sir, you make me blush.

Grub. And the whole Society must acknowledge your Generous Noble present.

Dor. Only a few Strokings ; but and shall please you, 'tis all Red-Cows. But indeed I am a great deal more in your Debt then this comes to, and that you shall know *May day* next when my veiles comes in.

Dash. Oh sye Mrs. *Dorothy*, let us deserve this favour first.

Dor. Deserve it ! By my troth that you have done double and treble long agoe : For really Gentlemen you have answered my Question so Scholard like, and I have taken your Advice and use'd a black-lead Comb ever since. 'Tis true if I go out a little too early in the morning the Dew is so apt to wash it off agen ; but no matter, when I dress in my Top knot of a *Sunday*, I make my self as fair a Brown Foretop as ever a girl in the Parish.

Grub. Sweet Mrs. *Dorothy*, we are very happy and no less proud to serve you. But indeed 'tis the Business and study of this honourable Society to oblige all mankind. Only the World is a little ungratefull and does not reward us as we deserve.

Dor. Lord what pity that is.

Grub. No Mrs. *Dorothy*, we have not such generous Masters and Mistresses as Mrs. *Dorothy Tickleat* every day. Such favours are not common Blessings as the hard world goes.

Dor. Nay Sirs I scorn to forget my Friends I have receiv'd a great deal of Comfort from you ; for by following your Learned Advice and mending some small faults in my Complexion, in grace of God I have got me a good husband ; for this day Sevennight I am to be Marry'd.

Squir. Nay, that's a happiness indeed.

Dor. But truly Gentlemen I have one unhappy Infirmary more and if that be'nt mended too, I cannot tell what shift in the world to make. I vow 'tis enough to spoil my wedlock.

Grub. Is there any thing in our power to help you, sweet Mrs. *Dorothy* ?

H

Dor.

Dor. Lord Sir, what is it is not in your power? Oh Gentlemen do me but this one kindness more, and I am a made woman for ever.

Dash. Oh sweet Mrs. use us, and command us.

Dor. I vow you are so strangely obliging.—

Squirr. But come, what is this other Infirmary?

Dor. I protest Gentlemen 'tis such a paw thing, and I am so ashamed to tell you.

Squirr. Hang modesty, you must never be bashfull before us. You must throw open your secrets to your physicians as you would your Arms to your Sweetheart, there is no health to be got without one, any more, then Love without the other.

Dor. But I vow Sir I shall so blush——

Dash. What within a week of matrimony and blush still; oh fy. Come pluck a good heart up and out with it.

Dor. Well if you'll let me whisper Mr. *Squirr* in the ear, he is a piece of a man midwife, I think I saw him at *Joan Dirtypugs* Labour, and I dare venture to tell him—

Squirr. With all my heart.

[*Dor.* and *Squirr* whisper.

Grub. Well, would we had done with her once, for I long to be at her Cream pot.

[*Aside to Dash.*

Dash. Well Brother how do you find her Question?

Squirr. Why *Radical*, Brother. In plain English, an over Affluence of Humidity. She's troubled with a Lax in her Aquaduct, a want of Retention in her *Ureters*.

Dor. Lord what a sweet thing is Learning.

Squirr. And is this all your Grievance? never fear Mrs. we'll cure you, my Life for yours.

Dor. Will you indeed sweet Sir.— I protest 'twill be the greatest piece of Charity that ever you did a poor Virgin in your whole Life. Alas Sir it comes sometimes upon me so violently both sleeping and waking; and if I should lye by the side of a man with it, 'twere enough to lose his Affections for ever, and make me the miserablest Creature living. Besides it has been so melancholly a thought to me to have a good thing so spoyld—

Squirr. Well, Child, thou shalt take some of my *Tetrachymagon*, 'twill cost thee but half a Crown a Bottle—

Dor. Oh Sir I'll spare no cost.

Squirr. And with some other Restringtons I'll help thee to, I'll turn the Tide I'll warrant thee.

Dor. And will you perfectly—

Squirr. Stop all Leaks, Girl.

Dor.

Dor. And be sure to make me—

Squirt. As close as a Corkt Bottle, Child—

Dor. And lye all the live long Night—

Squirt. Seven and Seven Years, Chicken—

Dor. A cleanly tyte Bed fellow.

Squirt. As a sucking pullet, dear fubby—

Dor. Well I vow Gentlemen you are the sweetest Society in *Ken* or Christendom. But pray Mr. Doctor, where do you dwell, that I may call upon you for all these fine things with the hard names.

Squirt. At the signe of the Glyster pipe.

Dor. What, in Ticklehole Alley. And pray when will you be at home?

Squirt. Within this half hour, Child.

Dor. Well, I'll certainly wait upon you. In the mean while pray accept of a quart of Strawberryes to your Cream—

Squirt. O ye Mrs. Dorothy—

Dor. Nay I vow Sir but you shall. [forces a shilling into his hand, and so for one little short, long half hour dear Dr. farewell. [Exit.

Dash. What Strawberryes to our Cream too. This is good fortune indeed. But Mr. Squirt, you have kill'd two Birds with one stone; answer'd a question and got a patient too.

Squirt. Ay, Brother, and a good shift too. These by-jobs are the best of our Game, I am sure the Society would hardly buy us porridge without it.

Grab. Nay my Brother Squirt's in the right for that. Do you think I have answer'd so many Rhiming Love Questions in our Mercurys for the meer Litchery of Poetry, or the Lucre of the poor penny Mr. Stuff can afford me for 'em? No, faith I have a deeper reach in my *Albanian Policks*. For let me tell you 'tis not less then twenty (and twenty to that) kind Couples that I have Exercised my Sacerdotal Function on, upon no other Recommendation then my being so true a Love Advocate, and so good a Freind to the Mathematicks, and got good Yellow Boys, and good Sack Posssets into the Bargain.

Dash. But I vow I was mightily pleas'd with my Brother Squirt for tickling up dear Dorothy so sweetly, and hitting her humour so to a hair.

Grab. Oh that we must all do if we hope to thrive in this world. I would not give a Great for him that can't tickle all fancies. For Instance when I Court'd my *Non Con* Daughter, do you think I came to her in my terrible Tantivy Gown, with a pair of dreadfull Pudding Sleeves, and attack'd her in high flown

Ortho-